





# JESS.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,  
Author of "King Solomon's Mines," etc.

"Upon my word, she has given me quite a turn," reflected John to himself as the troop crept on through the white mists of dawn.

"I suppose that she thinks that I am going to be plugged. Perhaps I am! I wonder how Bessie would take it. She would be awfully cut up, but I expect that she would get over it pretty soon. Now I don't think that Jess would get over a thing of that sort in a hurry. That is just the difference between the two—the one is all flower and the other is all root."

And then he fell to wondering how Bessie was and what she was doing, and if she missed him as much as he missed her, and so on, till his mind came back to Jess, and he reflected what a charming companion she was, and how thoughtful and kind, and breathed a secret hope that she would continue to live with them after they were married. Somehow they had got to those terms, perfectly innocent in themselves, in which two people become absolutely necessary to each other's daily life. Indeed, Jess had got a long way further than that, but of this he was of course ignorant. He was still at the former stage, and was not himself aware how large a proportion of his daily thoughts were occupied by this dark-eyed, and in some respects his personality was overshadowing him. He only knew that she had the knack of making him feel thoroughly happy in her society. When he was talking to her, or even sitting silently by her, he became aware of a sensation of restfulness and reliance that he had never before experienced in the society of a woman.

Of course this was to a large extent the natural homage of the weaker nature to the stronger, but it was also something more. It was the shadow of that utter sympathy and perfect accord which is the surest sign of the presence of the highest forms of affection, and when it accompanies the passion of men and women, as it sometimes, though rarely, does, being more often found in its highest form in those relations from which the element of sexuality is excluded, raises it almost above the level of the earth. For the love where that sympathy exists, whether it is between mother and son, husband and wife, or close friend and friend, is a love which, while it is a love, is also a friendship, and it is this which makes it so unending and so perfect.

Meanwhile as John reflected, the force to which he was attached was moving into action, and he soon found it necessary to come down to the unpleasantly practical details of their warfare. More particularly did this come home to his mind when, shortly afterwards, the man next to him was shot dead, and a little later he himself was slightly wounded by a bullet which passed between his shoulder and his thigh. Into the details of the fight that ensued it is not necessary to enter here. There were, if anything, more creditable than most of the episodes of that unhappy war, in which the bolding of the Potchefstroom, Lydenburg, Rustenburg, and Wakarusa were the only bright spots. Suffice it to say that they ended in something very like an utter rout at the hands of a much inferior force, and that, a few hours after he had started, John found himself on the return road to Pretoria, with a severely wounded man behind his saddle, the ambulance being left in the hands of the Boers, who, as they went painfully along, mingled curses of abuse and fury with his own. Meanwhile exaggerated accounts of what had happened had got into the town, and, among other things, it was said that Capt. Niel had been shot dead. One man who came in stated that he saw him fall, and that he was shot through the head. This Mrs. Neville heard with her own ears, and, greatly shocked, started to communicate the intelligence to Jess.

As soon as it was daylight Jess had, as was customary with her, gone over to the little house which she and John occupied. "The Palatial," as it was ironically called, and settled herself there for the day. First she tried to work and could not, so she took a book that she had brought with her and began to read, but it was a failure also. Her eyes would wander from the page, and her ears kept straining to catch the distant booming of the big guns that came from time to time floating across the hills. The fact of the matter was that the poor girl was the victim of a presentiment that something was going to happen to John. Most people of imaginative mind have suffered from this kind of thing at one time or other in their lives, and have lived to see the folly of it; and, indeed, there was more in the circumstances of the present case to excite the imagination in the luxury of presentiments than in usual. Indeed, as it happened, she was not far out—only a sixteenth of an inch or so—for John was very nearly killed.

Not finding Jess in camp Mrs. Neville made her way across to "The Palatial," where she knew the girl sat, crying as she went at the thought of the news that she had to communicate, for the good soul had grown very fond of John Niel. Jess, with that acute sense of hearing that often accompanies nervous excitement, caught the sound of the little gate at the bottom of the garden, and most before her visitor had got through it and ran round the corner of the house to see who it was.

One glance at Mrs. Neville's tear-stained face was enough for her. She knew what was coming, and, clasped at one of the young blue gum trees that grew along the path to prevent her from falling.

"What is it?" she said, faintly, "is he dead?"

"Yes, my dear, yes; shot through the head, they say."

Jess made no answer, but clung to the sapling, feeling as though she were going to die herself, and faintly hoping that she might do so. Her eyes wandered vaguely from the face of the messenger of evil, first up to the sky, then down to the crumpled and trodden velvet. Past the gate of "The Palatial" garden ran a road, which, as it happened, was a short cut from the scene of the fight, and down this road came four Kaffirs and half-castes, bearing something on a stretcher, with three or four cartons riding behind. A coat was thrown over the face of the form on the stretcher, but the legs were visible. They were booted and spurred, and the feet fell apart in that peculiarly lax and helpless way of which there is no possibility of mistaking the meaning.

"Look!" she said, pointing.

"Ah, poor man, poor man!" said Mrs. Neville, "they are bringing him here to lay him out."

Then Jess' beautiful eyes closed, and down

she went with the bending tree. Presently the sapling snapped, and she fell senseless with a little cry, and as she did so the men with the corpse passed on.

Two minutes afterwards, John Niel, having heard the rumor of his own death on arrival at the camp, and greatly fearing lest it should have got to Jess' ears, came cantering hurriedly across, and dismounting as well as his wound would allow, limped up the garden path.

"Great heavens, Capt. Niel!" said Mrs. Neville, looking up; "why, we thought that you were dead!"

"And that is what you have been telling her, I suppose," he said, sternly, glancing at the pale and deathlike face; "you might have waited till you were sure. Poor girl! it must have given her a turn. And, stooping down, he got his arms under her, and lifting her with some difficulty, limped off to the house, where he laid her down upon the table, and, assisted by Mrs. Neville, began to do all in his power to revive her. So obstinate was her faint, however, that their efforts were unavailing, and at last Mrs. Neville started off to the camp to get some brandy, leaving him to go on rubbing her hands and sprinkling water on her face.

The good lady had not been gone more than two or three minutes when Jess suddenly opened her eyes and sat up, and then slipped her feet to the ground. Her eyes fell upon John and dilated with wonder, and he thought that she was going to faint again, for even her lips blanched, and she began to shake and tremble all over in the extremity of her agitation.

"Jess, Jess," he said, "for God's sake don't look like that, you frighten me!"

"I thought you were—I thought you were—"

"—she said, slowly, and then suddenly burst into a passion of tears and fell forward upon his breast and lay there sobbing her heart out, her brown curls resting against his face.

It was an awkward position and a most moving one. John was only a man, and the spectacle of this strange woman, to whom he had lately grown so much attached, plunged into intense emotion, awakened, apparently by anxiety about his fate, stirred him deeply, as it would have stirred anybody. Indeed, it struck some chord in him for which he could not quite account, and its echoes charmed and yet frightened him. What did it mean?

"Jess, dear Jess, pray stop! I can't bear to see you cry so."

She lifted her head from his shoulder and stood looking at him, her hand resting on the table behind her. Her face was wet with tears and looked like a dew-drenched lily, and her beautiful eyes were alight with a flame that he had never seen in the eyes of a woman before. She said nothing, but her whole face was more eloquent than any words, for there was a time when the features can convey a message in a language of their own that is more noble than any tongue we talk. There she stood, her breast heaving with emotion as the sea heaves when the fiercest of the storm has passed—a very incarnation of the intensest love of woman. And as she stood something seemed to pass before her eyes and blind her, and a spirit took possession of her that absorbed all her doubts and fears, and she gave way to a force that was of her and yet compelled her, as when the wind blows, the sails compel a ship. And then, for the first time, where her love was concerned, she put out all her strength. She knew, and had always known, that she could master him, and force him to regard her as she regarded him, did she but choose. How she knew it she could not say, but so it was. And now she yielded to an overmastering impulse and chose. She said nothing, she did not even move, she only looked at him.

"Why were you so like a fright about me?" he stammered.

She did not answer, but kept her eyes upon his face, and it seemed to John as though power flowed from them; for, as she looked, he felt the change come. Everything melted away before the almost spiritual intensity of her gaze. Bessie, honor, his engagement—all were forgotten; the smouldering embers broke into flame, and he knew that he loved this woman as he had never loved any living creature before—that he loved her even as she loved him. Strong man as he was he shook like a leaf before her.

"Jess," he said, hoarsely, "God forgive me! I love you!" and he bent forward to kiss her.

She lifted her face toward him, then, and, as he bent over her, she caught his hand and held it fast against her breast.

"You forget," she said, almost solemnly, "you are going to marry Bessie."

Overpowered by a deep sense of shame, and by another sense of the deep calamity that had overtaken him, John turned and limped from the house.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AND AFTER.

In front of the door of "The Palatial" was a round flower bed filled with weeds and flowers mixed up together like the good and evil in the heart of man, and to the right hand side of this bed stood an old wooden chair with the back off. No sooner had John got outside the door of the cottage than he became sensible that, what between one thing and another—weariness, loss of blood from his wound, and intense mental emotion—if he did not sit down somewhere pretty quickly he would be a good deal the worse for it. He went to the example set by Jess and sat down straight away. Accordingly, he made for the old chair and perched himself on it with gratitude. Presently he saw Mrs. Neville coming steaming along the path with a bottle of brandy in her hand.

"Ah!" he thought to himself, "that will just come in handy for me. If I don't have a glass of brandy soon I shall roll off this infernal chair—I am sure of it."

"Where is Jess?" asked Mrs. Neville.

"In here," he said, "she has recovered. It would have been better for us both if she hadn't," he added to himself.

"Why, bless me, Capt. Niel, how queer you look!" said Mrs. Neville, fanning herself with her hat, "and there is such a row going on at the camp there; the volunteers swear that they will attack the military for deserting them, and I don't know what all; and they simply wouldn't believe me when I said you were not shot. Why, I never! Look! your coat is full of blood! So you were hit after all."

"Might I trouble you to give me some brandy, Mrs. Neville?" said John, faintly.

She filled a glass she had brought with her half full of water from a little irrigation furrow that ran down from the main sink by the road, and then topped it up with brandy. He drank it, and felt decidedly better.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Neville, "there are a pair of you down. You should just have seen that girl go down when she saw the body coming along the road! I made sure that it was you; but it wasn't. They say that it was poor Jim Smith, son of old Smith of Rustenburg. I tell you what it is. Capt.

Niel, you had better be careful; if that girl isn't in love with you, she is something very like a girl. A girl does not pop over like that for Dick, Tom or Harry. You must forgive an old woman like me for speaking out plain, but she is an old girl is Jess, just like ten women rolled into one so far as her mind goes, and if you don't take care you will get into trouble, which will be rather awkward, as you are going to marry her sister. Jess isn't a girl to have a bit of a flirt to pass away the time and have done with it. I can tell you!" and she shook her head solemnly, as though she suspected him of trifling with his future sister in law's young affections, and then, without waiting for an answer, turned and went into the cottage.

As for John, he only groaned. What could he do but groan! The whole thing was self-evident, and if ever a man felt ashamed of himself that man was John Niel. He was a strictly honorable individual, and it cut him to the heart to think that he had entered on a course which was not honorable, considering his engagement to Bessie.

When he, a few minutes before, had told Jess he loved her, he had said a disgraceful thing, however true a thing it might be. And that was the worst of it: it was true—he did love her. He felt it come sweeping over him like a wave as she stood there looking at him in the room, utterly disarming and overpowering his affection for Bessie, to whom he was bound by every tie of honor. It was a new and wonderful thing, this passion that had arisen within him, as a strong man armed, and drove every other affection away into the waste places of his mind, and, unfortunately, it was an overmastering and, as he already guessed, an enduring thing. It cursed himself in his shame and anger as he sat there recovering his equilibrium on the broken chair and tying a handkerchief tight round his wound. What a fool he had been! Why had he not waited to see which of the two he really took to? Why had Jess gone away like that and thrown him into temptation with her pretty sister? He was sure now that she had cared for him all along. Well, there it was, and a precious lost business too! One thing, however, was clear about it should go no further. He was not going to back his engagement to Bessie; it was not to be thought of. But, all the same, he felt sorry for himself and sorry for Jess too.

Just then, however, the bandage on his leg slipped, and the wound began to bleed so fast that he was fain to limp into the house for assistance.

Jess, who had apparently quite got over her agitation, was standing by the table talking to Mrs. Neville, who was peering under the table to see which of the two he really took to. Why had Jess gone away like that and thrown him into temptation with her pretty sister? He was sure now that she had cared for him all along. Well, there it was, and a precious lost business too! One thing, however, was clear about it should go no further. He was not going to back his engagement to Bessie; it was not to be thought of. But, all the same, he felt sorry for himself and sorry for Jess too.

And so she sat and gazed at that sleeping man through the long watches of the night and was happy. There lay her joy. Soon he would be taken from her and she would be left desolate, but while he lay there he was hers. It was passing sweet to her woman's heart to lay her hand upon him and see him sleep, for this desire to watch the sleep of a beloved object is one of the highest and strangest manifestations of passion. Truly, and with a keen insight into the human heart, has the poet said that there is no joy like the joy of a woman watching what she loves asleep.

The time went on and the artery broke out no more, and then at last came a morning when John opened his eyes and watched the pale, earnest face bending over him as though he were trying to remember something. Presently he shut his eyes again. He had remembered.

"I have been very ill, Jess," he said, after a pause.

"Yes, John."

"And you have nursed me?"

"Yes, John."

"Am I going to recover?"

"Of course you are."

"I suppose there is no news from outside?"

"No more; things are just the same."

"Nor from Bessie?"

"None; we are quite cut off."

Then came a pause.

"John," said Jess, "I want to say something to you. When people are delicious, or when delirium is coming on, they sometimes say things that they are not responsible for, and which they will forget as soon as they wake."

"Yes," he said, "I understand."

"So," she went on, in the same measured tone, "we will forget everything you may have said."

"It will be awkward if you try to move him at present," was the grim reply, "for he will slip up, in which case the artery will probably break out again, and he will bleed to death."

As for Jess, she said nothing, but set to work to make preparations for her task of nursing. As fate had once more thrown them together, she accepted the position gladly, though it is only fair to say that she would not have said so.

In about an hour's time, just as John was beginning to recover from the painful effects of the chloroform, the soldier's wife who was to assist him in nursing arrived. She was, as Jess soon discovered, not only a low stamp of woman, but both careless and ignorant in the bargain, and all that she could be relied on to do was to carry out some of the rougher work of the sick room. When John woke up he found that the presence of that woman was lessening over him, and when the cocoon that lay upon his forehead, he groaned again and went to sleep. But Jess did not go to sleep. She sat by him there throughout the night, until at last the cold lights of the dawn came gleaming through the window and fell upon the white face of the man she loved. He was still sleeping soundly, and, as the night was exceedingly hot and oppressive, she had left nothing but a sheet over him. Before she went to rest a little herself she turned to look at him once more, and as she did so she saw the sheet suddenly grow red with blood. The artery had broken out again.

Calling to the soldier's wife to run across to the doctor, Jess shook her patient until he woke, for he was sleeping sweetly through the whole thing, and would, no doubt, have continued to do so until he glided into a deeper sleep; and then between them they did what they could to check that dreadful pumping flow, Jess knotting her handkerchief round his leg and twisting it with a stick, while she pressed his thumb upon the severed artery. But strive as they would they were only partially successful, and Jess began to think that he would die in her arms from loss of blood. It was agonizing to wait there minutes after minute and see his life ebbing away.

"I don't think I shall last much longer, Jess," he began to say, "dear!" he said, "The place is becoming so ground and round."

Poor soul, she could only shut her teeth and wait for the end.

Presently John's pressure on the wounded artery relaxed, and he fainted off, and, oddly enough, just then the flow of blood diminished considerably. Another five minutes, and she heard the quick step of the doctor coming up the path.

"Thank God you have come! He has bled dreadfully."

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woman waited for me to come back, instead of following. I have brought you an orderly instead of her. By Jove, he has bled! I suppose the silk has slipped. Well, there is only one thing for it. Orderly, the chloroform!"

And then followed another long half hour of slashing and tying and horror, and when at last the unfortunate John opened his eyes again he was too weak to speak, and could only smile feebly. For three days after this he was in a dangerous state, for if the artery had broken out for the third time the chances were that, having so little blood left in his veins, he would die before anything could be done for him. At times he was very delirious from weakness, and these were the dangerous hours, for it was almost impossible to keep him quiet, and every movement threw Jess into an agony of terror lest the silk fastenings of the artery should break away. Indeed, there was only one way in which she could keep him quiet, and that was by laying her slim white hand upon his forehead and giving it to him to hold. Oddly enough, this had more effect upon his fevered mind than anything else. For hour after hour she would sit thus, though her arm ached and her back felt as if it were going to break in two, until at last she was rewarded by seeing his wild eyes cease their wanderings and close in peaceful sleep.

Yet with all that work was perhaps the happiest time in her life. There lay the man she loved with all the intensity of her deep nature; and she ministered to him, and felt that he loved her, and depended on her as a babe upon its mother. Even in his delirium her name was continually on his lips, and generally with some endearing term before it. She felt in those dark hours of doubt and sickness as though they two were growing life to life, but in a divine identity she could not analyze or understand. She felt that it was so, and she believed that, once being so, whatever her future might be, that communion could never be dissolved, and therefore she was happy, though she knew that her recovery meant their lifelong separation. For though Jess had once, when thrown utterly off her balance, given her passion away, it was not a thing that meant to repeat. She had, she felt, injured Bessie enough already in taking her future husband's heart. That she could not help now, but she would take no more. John should go back to her sister.

And so she sat and gazed at that sleeping man through the long watches of the night and was happy. There lay her joy. Soon he would be taken from her and she would be left desolate, but while he lay there he was hers. It was passing sweet to her woman's heart to lay her hand upon him and see him sleep, for this desire to watch the sleep of a beloved object is one of the highest and strangest manifestations of passion. Truly, and with a keen insight into the human heart, has the poet said that there is no joy like the joy of a woman watching what she loves asleep.

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## Brandon Weekly Mail.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1887.

## C. P. R. RATES.

It is a strange thing that in all the discussions relating to C. P. R. rates we never hear mention of one feature of the Canadian Pacific charter that bears sharply upon the question of rates. It is that although the Canadian Pacific Railway charter provides that the Government shall not reduce the rates of the Railway below a point which will afford a return of ten per cent. on the capital invested, yet the Government has all along refused to approve the C. P. R. tariff for more than one year at a time and in this way have the regulation of the rates in their own hands. Now, the limit to the reduction of tolls on C. P. R. is governed by section twenty of "the Act respecting the Canadian Pacific Railway (41 vic. chap. 1)" and reads as follows:

"The limit to the reduction of rates by the Parliament of Canada provided for by the 'Eleventh sub-section of the 17th section of 'The Consolidated Railway Act 1870' respecting Tolls is hereby extended, so that such reduction may be to such an extent that such tolls when reduced shall not produce less than ten per cent. per annum profit on the capital actually expended in the construction of the railway, instead of that the 'C. P. R. draw fifteen per cent. per annum profit as provided by the said sub-section; and that also that such reduction shall not be made unless the net income of the Company ascertained as described in said sub-section shall have exceeded ten per cent. per annum instead of fifteen per cent. per annum as provided by the said sub-section. And the exercise by the Governor-in-Council of the power of reducing the tolls of the Company as provided by the tenth sub-section of said section seventeen is hereby limited to the same extent with relation to the profit of the Company and to its net revenue, as that which the power of Parliament to reduce tolls is limited by said sub-section eleven as already amended."

By the provisions of "The Railway Act" all Railway tolls shall be from time to time fixed and regulated by the by-laws of the Company subject to the approval of the Governor-in-Council. This Act further provides that the Company shall from time to time post up in its offices and everywhere tolls are to be collected a printed copy of their rates.

When the by-law of the Company fixing the rates receives the approval of the Governor-in-Council, such rates cannot be altered or varied, without such alteration being made subject to the same approval.

Now if the Winnipeg and Brandon Boards of Trade desire to get at the bottom of this question of rates charged by the C. P. R., why do these bodies, or one of them, not at once lay the matter before the Governor-in-Council so that an investigation can be had?

We suggest that some such action should be taken, or else eastern people may not think there is so much in the question of rates as do people up here.

We may mention, for the information of those not already aware of it, that the limit to the reduction of tolls by the Parliament of Canada in reference to Railways other than the C. P. R. is fifteen per cent. per annum profit on capital; so that the check upon the C. P. R. is greater than other Railways by five per cent. Further, the expression "Capital" as used in the Railway Act means the paid up stock and paid up share capital of the Company with interest added to periods during which no dividend is paid, to the exclusion of all subsidies and bonuses, and as regards the Canadian Pacific Railway also to the exclusion of any debt of the Company contracted on the pledge thereof, or any part thereof.

## IMMIGRATION.

Although Manitoba opens a field for the enterprising immigrant, in almost any calling, yet it is to the agriculturist the prospects are most promising if he only has a little means to start, and the disposition to be satisfied with natural and reasonable progress. Although farming operations are conducted successfully in the country without really arduous manual labor, yet the settler who knows by experience what pioneering in the other provinces really is, is the man for Manitoba, and if the country was fully understood in the east, the one who would be most likely to tear away from old associates and make his home in the distant west. There are today in Ontario hundreds of farmers living on fifty acre farms, and if they are good they enable occupants to live fairly well, but if they are poor they simply permit the occupants to stay upon them. In no case, however, can the occupant of such a farm make any money upon it. If he has it paid for, or got it a grant paid for, from his parents, he can live on it and that is all. If he went on to it a bush lot, he knows it cost him every cent he can get for it, whether \$10 or \$40 an acre, to bring it to its present state of perfection in cultivation and improvements—there is no "grow" to it except by dollar for dollar expenditure. If he goes on to the property, an improved farm, with limited means no matter what its capabilities may be finds he is unable to pay for it, and keep his family besides. As we have said above it is this class of people Manitoba

wants more particularly, and scarcely one of these can be found in the country to day who is not satisfied with his lot and his progress notwithstanding what the speculative "boomster," who has foolishly expended a fortune, may say to the contrary. Such a settler can bring from \$500 to \$3000 with him, and here is his field for energy and enterprise—the country that offers a sure reward to the settler that will attend to his own concerns, avoid the agitations of the crippled or bankrupt speculator and be contented with from two to ten times the success that met the efforts of his pioneering forefathers with one quarter the amount of labor and early hardships.

On a fifty acre farm in the older provinces there may not be on an average more than from forty to forty-five acres good arable land taking out rocks, creeks, ponds and building sites. The occupant will put perhaps ten of this under wheat, as much more under oats and barley, retain five or six under pasture, crop seven or eight of the remainder in hay, and vegetables, roots and bush take up the remainder. To make any money he should have from the nature of things half of his cultivated area summer fallowed, to do the remainder justice, and secure the best from his farm, but this he cannot do and support his family. He is, therefore, handicapped, and must content himself with making a bare living and remaining unable to do anything for the care growing up around him. He might perhaps be able to sell to his nearest neighbor similarly situated with himself and realize from \$1,500 to \$2,500, according to the quality of his farm and the value of his stock and implements. If he can secure that amount he has plenty to locate himself and make a proper start on a half section (320 acres) in this province as good land as was ever tilled by ploughshare. If he prefers he can homestead half the amount at a cost of \$10 and pre-empt the other 160 at \$2.50 per acre, or \$420 for the 320 acres, and live three years to pay this amount in. With the money from the eastern property, say \$1,500, he should put about \$500 in buildings, and this will carry him through till he can add to them, about \$500 more in stock, and the remainder with what he can raise on his farm and earn outside of it, together with the proceeds of his stock, will carry his family through nicely for a year until his farm is productive, as it really is the second year, while not unfrequently partial crops are raised the first year, on the breaking. If the settler then has the good sense to have his grain cut the first and second years, as he readily can now with the supply of implements in every direction, and keep out of debt himself buying only when he can pay the most part cash, he will have but little difficulty in making a start, and in three or four years he will be possessed of a large farm one half of which is under cultivation, with good buildings, fences and a large productive stock, and suitable implements for farming already paid for. We assume in this reasoning that the settler exercises the same caution, energy and economy that he did on the small farm in Ontario. Any one coming to almost any part of Manitoba under such circumstances and managing his business in this way cannot fail to meet with such a measure of success as to make his lot the envy of the neighbors he left behind him in the other provinces.

If the Manitoba agitators would only consult some of the wisest heads in their own ranks they would find a solution of present railway difficulties, without indulging in foolishness that is doing the country irreparable injury. Our readers will remember that during the election contest of 1882, the Grit lights in the campaign, to reverse the policy of disavowal, were going to "the foot of the throne" promptly. So bent on that step were Messrs. Peterson and Sifton, in Brandon County, that most people thought they were going to mount the throne themselves to settle the question at once. The question now is, where has all that throne business gone to? Had they taken that step then Manitoba would be now enjoying its constitutional rights, whatever they are, whether they are the privileges we are now enjoying unqualifiedly, or a variation. Mr. Biggs, of Winnipeg, one of the best lawyers in the Grit ranks, revives the throne business, and puts the matter in a sensible form. Here is what he says to a Sun reporter:

"If the province is legally right, as the attorney general and others have been saying, why all this talk of physical force and bloodshed? Is it because by that class of the community who are always brave when there is no fighting to do, or is it a little cheap popularity by the ward politicians who always adopt the popular cry, no matter what it is? These men know perfectly well if the province is legally right there will be no fighting to do."

Let the Legislature unanimously represent to the Dominion Parliament the desire of the people, and the people unanimously petition the Dominion Parliament to the same effect, and at the same time by unanimous requisitions to their members in the Dominion House request them to press their claims upon the Dominion Parliament or resign their seats. All this could be done before the next session of the Dominion Parliament, and be then acted upon. If Parliament then refused redress, which I very much doubt, we would know our true position and could act accordingly."

Mr. Biggs then further suggests that if the laws, as they stand, do not give the Province what it requires, the proper plan is to change the laws, so that the requirements of the Province may be got through legitimate, constitutional

channels, and with this view all sensible men must agree. The one-tenth part of the cost of the R.R.V. road would pay the expenses of testing our case in the last court of the realm, and then we would know what we were doing. Now, however, there is a million sunk, and no one knows when it is going to end. This constitutes the difference between reasonable and unreasonable proceedings.

"But supposing that, as regards the courts, the worst comes to the worst, is it reasonable to suppose that the united people of Manitoba, who have already incurred the full liability for the construction of the railroad, are to be deprived of the right of completing it?"

The foregoing from the Winnipeg Sun is a sad commentary upon the integrity and honesty of the press of this country. Here is a plain declaration that no matter what the courts may say of the legality or illegality of the construction of the R. R. V. the government must and will build the road. If this is not the greatest incentive to lawlessness possible for a newspaper to suggest, then we do not know where to look for it. Talk of the unsafety of any country or any people where mob law and mob rule govern, but here, even here in our midst a publication asking support from what one supposes to be a civilized and law abiding community and advising its readers to disobey the laws of the land and govern as their own prejudice will may dictate. This is Reform for you with a vengeance. But this is not the worst feature of the case, it is admitting the local government undertook the building of the road before they knew how far the law and constitution would bear them out in their proceedings, and now, because Criticism behind the government has forced a million of indebtedness upon the people rashly, the government and the people must disregard law and order to complete the scheme the fallacies of criticism has forced upon the country. This is the whole thing in a nutshell, and a government professing to be a "Conservative administration" has been forced into the trap, and now compelled to accept the inevitable. Nobody denies that the C. P. R. has facilities for doing the business of this country and every one will admit that if from 100 to 150 miles more of extensions were constructed in the province, Manitoba would be well served with roads. The question of rates would then be the only thing to consider, and if the people regard them too high a united appeal to the Railway Committee at Ottawa could not fail to effect a reduction, as the government has taken to itself power to revise them annually. If again this reduction did not meet the desired end, and more roads were found necessary, the courts could be resorted to, to establish our rights in the premises; and if they again did not meet the exigencies, the people having the making of the laws in their own hands, could effect such a modification in them as would enable us constitutionally to effect a remedy in the last vestige of grievance in the province. All this could be accomplished in the space of two years, even if the last step indicated had to be resorted to, and in the meantime the country free from all appearances of differences and strife would be going on and progressing from day to day. In our opinion this is the way to deal with matters in this or any other new country. Criticism aided by the selfishness of a few mountebanks and professional croakers has suggested another course, one that must end in disaster no matter what shuffling may be resorted to, and it is well that the public ought to know where to place the responsibility.

It is not often one sees the blackguard exhibition in journalism to the extent it was shown in the Winnipeg Free Press last week. Some days ago a sensational paper in Toronto stated that Sir John Macdonald had told a prominent politician that he was going to force the discontinuance of the Red River Valley Railway, if he had to do it by the assistance of regulars. A New York paper copied the report, and to give it more the liberty of inserting the name of Major Walsh as the politician to whom Sir John had entrusted his secret. Now the Free Press knows well there is anything but intimate relations between Sir John and the Major and therefore, if there was no other reason for it the latter is one of the last men that could learn from the Premier his private plans. Besides this it had in its news columns another despatch denying emphatically the truth of the report, and yet it published in the issue the lying report and backed it up with editorial comments and representing to the world the injury Sir John was doing the country by advertising in England, the country to which we are ever looking for emigrants, the bloody means by which he was going to terminate the local railway. No writer who had the slightest regard for his own reputation, to say nothing of a regard for the welfare of the country and the reputation of others, would have done the like but the Free Press is always equal for any such emergency. What the result of this trouble may be we do not know, but we imagine the C. P. R. will exhaust their last resort in the courts to prevent the operation of the R. R. V. as they have a perfect right to do, and hold the Federal Government responsible for damages in allowing the R. R. V. to operate across the boundary, if their last resort should prove unsuccessful. We believe, too, that in the face of the expression of parliament last winter in view of its probable legal obligations to the C. P. R. the Federal Government will be compelled to exhaust every constitutional means to force the discontinuance of the R. R. V., and we believe there are

enough law abiding citizens in Manitoba to see that constitutional means and nothing more or less are resorted to, to secure for the province the realization of its full measure of requirements, the expressions and threats of crooks and blackguards of the Free Press stripe notwithstanding to the contrary.

The half-breed wabblers on 12th street is a length developing into majestic proportions. In its issue of the 14th of July it declared the cry the Winnipeg people wanted the terminus of the R.R.V. railway was all a misapprehension of sentiment in that city,—that it was anxious to have the road extended by provincial assistance, and that such would be the reality at no distant day. In its last issue, however, it copies approvingly the annexed extract from the Morden Monitor, a paper owned to a large extent by the Hon. Dr. Wilson, under whose responsibility for the most part the R.R.V. is being built, dealing with the western connections, at a provincial cost of \$200,000:

"This is rubbing it in pretty thick. People seem to be growing as wild with railway fever as they were a few years ago with boom fever. Railways are very important indeed, but at this day not quite important enough to warrant the putting of the Province in to bankruptcy. The bonus referred to above is no great matter in itself, but if granted it must lead to other calls upon the Provincial treasury, and where shall the line be drawn short of the bottom of the cash box. All parts of the Province have railway facilities within a reasonable reach. The Hudson Bay Railway as a competing line has been grandly aided and the Red River Valley is being built at the Provincial charge to break monopoly. There let us pause to breathe awhile. In the matter of railways the Local Government has done all that could be expected of them, and they are wise enough to know that even in so important a matter it is possible to have too open a hand."

This is a declaration from the Local Government indirectly, that if the west wants connections it must build them itself. This is what we always represented as one of the enormities of the scheme,—granting Winnipeg its every request at Manitoba's expense, and letting the rest of the Province put its hands into its pockets and help itself when help is demanded. Again the tool now reverses his declaration of a few weeks ago as to Winnipeg's solicitude for the West, and in his last issue declares derisively, "It is remarkable what an amount of interest some Winnipeg men are now taking in securing for the west connection with the Red River Valley Railway, &c., &c." Would it not be just as well for the noodler to tell the people something he knows something about, viz.: What assistance the Local Government is going to give him to start in opposition to the Call, they are all so fond of traitors who would sell out to Brown, Greenway & Co.? And why it is the declaration of Mr. Kirchhoff that the Local Government were likely to bring on a general election to rid the House of Mr. Robinson that increases the friendship between Robinson, Kirchhoff & Co.? The public want light on these matters more than they do Robinson's interpretation of the Constitution, and he alone can give it. Come, Robinson, "honest Injun," tell us all about that sale and purchase.

When brainless cranks are entrusted with the management of newspapers, it is little wonder that the public is at sea. In its last issue the local windbag, of the typical persuasion, says: The company (the C.P.R.) may, through "some legal intricacy or petty dodge, place" the province in such a position that the "Government will be compelled to go ahead, 'regardless of the law' \* \* \* and if forced 'into such a position, so much the worse for the law' \* \* \* The strain at any rate 'will weaken confederation materially.' What do Conservatives think of this? Confederation was one of the great achievements of the Liberal-Conservative party, and one in which all true Canadians are proud; but here, Brandon has in its midst a shred professing to be a Conservative paper, advocating the violation of the law against the policy of the Conservative party, even if that violation results in "training Confederation very materially. What do Conservatives think of such a tool? Is he not a nice acquisition to their ranks?"

The agitators want the R.R.V. connected with the M. and N.W.R. at Portage la Prairie, that Western Manitoba may have competition through a competing road. As we showed in our last issue, the rates of the M. and N.W., the offered competitor, are precisely the same as the "extortionate" rates of the C.P.R., and in the face of this it is unable to pay interest on the provincial guarantee. When the road reached Neepawa, for its further extension, it received a land grant of 6,400 acres of land per mile, and against this the Local Government guaranteed 4 per cent. interest on \$1 an acre, or \$6,400 per mile, and on this amount the road is now in arrears of interest to the Government to the extent of some \$30,000. As the road is unable to pay its way at present rates, the same as those of the C.P.R., and has to run behind to the Government in interest, it does not require much judgment to show that if its tariff was reduced, as a C.P.R. competitor, it would run still further behind with the Government until the people's resources would have to make good the entire guarantee, the same as was the case with old Canada and the Grand Trunk. The principle of advising competition when the people themselves have to suffer whatever loss arises from it, is not to be commended, even when considered in its most favorable bearing. This,

however, is a view of the situation, although a substantial one, you cannot get an agitator to look at.

The Winnipeg Sun says:—"It is a junction, not an injunction, that the Manitobans are after." This is an error. Exactly! but as a "junction" cannot be got without declaring the R. R. V. a road for the general benefit of Canada, and, therefore, under Dominion legislation, it may not be such an ornament to Winnipeg after all, when obtained.

The Call has the following:—"The Sun states that the letter in Friday's Call signed 'Brandonensis' was written by Mr. Cliffe, of Brandon. This is incorrect. Mr. Cliffe was not the writer of the letter."

Just now that Winnipeg Grit print the Sun has a dreadful attack of Cliffeophobia. Cliffe has so frequently let daylight through the meshes of indegulation that the very mention of his name disturbs its nightly dreams. It was Queen Mary, if we remember aright, who said when she died the name Cliffe would be found engraved upon her heart, and we shall be much surprised if the disector does not find the word "Cliffe" engraved upon the heart of the Sun man shortly after dissolution, when it cannot be far distant in his present mental and physical distraction.

## TESTIMONIALS.

JOSEPH BRYANS, Esq.,

Dear Sir,—As you are about to depart from us for a new field of labor in our Company's service, we, the employees of the Brandon branch, take this opportunity of expressing regret at losing so efficient a helper in the labor here. Not only by your untiring and hard work but also by your genial and friendly ways have you endeavored yourself to each one of us, and in acknowledgment of which, we beg of you to accept this Gold Ring and Diamond as a small token of our esteem and friendship. We earnestly hope your future will be as happy and prosperous as your merit warrants.

Signed on behalf of the employees of the Massey Manufacturing Co. at the Brandon branch, Manitoba.

W. F. LEWIS, Manager.

Brandon, Aug. 30th, 1887.  
As I am about to leave this country for Brazil, South America, having been called there to look after the interests of the Massey Manufacturing Co., I take this opportunity of thanking my numerous friends and customers for the many acts of kindness they have ever shown to me; and also to bid them all farewell for the present, as my sudden departure prevents me from calling on them personally—as I would like. Hoping you will all continue your kindness and patronage to my colleagues in the business, whom I leave behind, knowing that they will deserve your esteem and confidence.

I remain, ever remembering you all,  
Yours truly,  
JOSEPH BRYANS.

## SOURIS CITY.

The whirr and glitter of the binder are heard and seen in every direction.

Mr. Bremner has just received another lot of cattle from Ontario, 41 head this time.

Mr. Stewart Robertson started his new "Decker" Threshing Machine on Saturday. The Stewart says "she runs like a day."

Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, of Brandon, are on a visit to Souris City. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bremner.

Mr. John McKenzie's new barn is nearly completed; it is a splendid building, having a stone staple underneath. It will add greatly to the look as well as to the value of John's farm.

UNCLE GEORGE.

## Fire Escapes in N. Y. Hotels.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—Mayor Hewitt is about to open a spirited campaign against all hotel keepers in the city who have not complied with the law in affording modes of escape for their guests in case of fire. According to a report submitted to his Honor by the fire department, quite a number of the larger hotels, and nearly all the smaller ones violate the law in this direction. Mayor Hewitt has already consulted the corporation on the subject and says he will begin the crusade at once.

## Weather Prohibition.

It is probable that in the breaking up of winter we shall have much damp squally weather, when rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and other painful complaints will prevail. Hayward's Yellow Oil is the perfect household remedy for external and internal use. Its curative power is truly wonderful.

## Worth Remembering.

Mrs. T. Doan, of Harrisville, Ontario, writes for a long time troubled with neuralgia of the stomach. Failing to find benefit from physicians, she tried Burdock Blood Purifiers, from which she found speedy relief, to which she testifies, hoping it may prove beneficial to others. Many physicians recommend B.B.P.

## A Valuable Discovery.

F. P. Tanner, of Neoking, Ontario, says he has not only found B.B.P. a sure cure for dyspepsia, but he also found it to be the best medicine for regulating and improving the system that he has ever taken. B.B.P. is the best system regulator.



# - C. P. R. -

WE HAVE BEEN FORTUNATE IN SECURING

## 10,000 YARDS OF GREY COTTON

Slightly damaged by water, in the late accident on the C.P.R., which we will

**CLEAR OUT AT 5 CENTS PER YARD,  
BY THE PIECE ONLY.**

These Goods are worth, Mill Price, 8 and 9 cents. Come early and secure a Piece or Two, as they will not last long

This is the Greatest Bonanza in Cotton ever offered to the People of  
**B R A N D O N.**

## NEW FALL GOODS

**TWENTY-FIVE CASES**

JUST OPENED, OF

**STAPLE AND FANCY GOODS,**  
CONSISTING OF

Grey, Navy and Jersey Flannels, Yarns, Canadian, Shetland and Saxony Velvet Wool Shawls, all Colors.

Grey and White Cotton, Pillow Cotton and Sheetings.

**PLAIN AND FANCY WINCEYS.**

100 Pieces of New and Elegant Dress Goods, Trimmings to match.  
Royal Crown Corderoy Dress Goods, &c., &c.

All carefully selected, and will be Sold at Prices that will sustain the reputation we have for Selling good Goods at Close Prices.

## OUR CLOTHING AND FUR GOODS

Will arrive in a few days, when we will have the Finest Selected and Largest Stock West of Winnipeg.

**BUTTER AND EGGS TAKEN SAME AS SPOT CASH.**

**FOR GOOD GOODS AT GENUINE BARGAINS,  
GO DIRECT TO**

## SOMERVILLE & CO.

**Sign of the RED FLAG,**

**OPPOSITE THE QUEEN'S HOTEL.**

**ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.**

**WOODLEY & NEUMEYER,**  
LATE BRANDON BREWING COMPANY.  
**SPRING BREWERY,**  
**BRANDON, MANITOBA.**

Brewers of the Celebrated India Pale Ale, Imperial Stout  
Noted XX Porter, in Casks or Bottles.

Also HARVEST BEER, at Rock Bottom Prices

Call and See the

## BARGAINS

AT THE

## MAIL BOOK STORE

## ENVELOPES,

## NOTE PAPER,

AND

## GENERAL STATIONERY,

AT A

## TRIFLE OVER WHOLESALE PRICES.

### ROSE & CO.

**MONSERRAT LIME JUICE,**

A Cooling and Refreshing Drink for Summer.

**ROSE'S ESS. RENNETT**

Makes Curds, Custards, &c., &c. A Cool Dish for Summer.

**ROSE'S CONDITION POWDERS,**

Use them, and get the Horses ready for the Hard Work of Summer.

**ROSE'S QUININE WINE,**

A Fine, Invigorating Tonic, made from Pure Wine.

**ROSE'S LAVENDER WATER,**

A Most Refreshing Perfume.

**ROSE & COMPANY,**

**ROSSER AVE . . BRANDON.**

## \$1000 REWARD

For unscrupulous dealers who Sell an inferior Oil and call it Lardine.

**USE NONE BUT**

## McCOLL'S LARDINE OIL

For your Machinery. It has no equal. Will not gum, equals Sweet or Castor Oil.

**Also Challenge, Eureka and Amber, Heavy Engine  
Lard Oil, Bolt Cutting, Harness Oil and Axle Grease,**  
ALWAYS IN STOCK.

**McCOLL BROS. Manufacturers of Lardine Oil.**

FOR SALE BY

**JOHNSON & CO. and WILSON & CO**  
**BRANDON, MAN.**







## MEDICAL HALL,

Rosser Ave - - Brandon.

Halpin's Sarsaparilla,

For the Blood and Skin Diseases so prevalent at this season of the year.

A SURE REMEDY.

Halpin's Hair Promoter

Illustrates the effect of Alkali Water on the Hair.

HALPIN'S HORSE AND CATTLE REMEDIES

Give perfect satisfaction.

Physicians' Prescriptions

Prepared by Night by Competent Dispensers.

N. J. HALPIN,  
CHEMIST & DRUGGIST,  
BRANDON, MAN.

"EXCELSIOR,"

Is the Name of the

OXBRIDGE ORGAN CO'Y.

These Instruments are made in the most substantial manner, from the best material that can be had.

THE OXBRIDGE ORGAN

ELEGANT IN DESIGN

With the highest

QUALITY & COMPLETE in every part.

The Company's intention is that no inferior work shall leave their factory, they have now been running nearly fifteen years, and always give a five years' warranty with each organ.

Please call on our agent,

MR. JOHN ROSS,

BRANDON.

Who will be pleased to show you some of our organs.

OXBRIDGE ORGAN MFG. CO.

OXBRIDGE, ONT.

Use Doctor Roberge's

PATENT

HOOF EXPANDER

Which Cures Corns, Contractions, Quarter Cracks, &c.

Is the best invention for expanding a contracted foot, or keeping a sound foot in its natural shape.

It is used and approved by the leading horse owners of the New York Driving Park, such as Robert Bonner, Esq., and hundreds of other gentlemen of repute.

In dressing and expanding a foot, with price, name will be forwarded free by mail.

1 Pair, \$2; 2 Pairs, \$3; 4 Pairs, \$5.

J. P. ROBERGE, VETERINARY SURGEON.

1741 Broadway, New York.

Also in use and for Sale by

Wm. WILSON, Blacksmith,

BRANDON.

Asbury, Me., July 12, 1885.  
Mr. Robert Bonner,—Dear Sir,—Will you please send me by letter whether or not you would like the Maud S. Hoof Expander, so called, and by Roberge, I.V.S., No. 1741 Broadway, N.Y. He says Maud S. wore a shoe for forward feet all last winter with good results.

Very respectfully yours,  
S. H. LOVEJOY.

Asbury, Me., Box 67.

Dear Sir,—I have used the Roberge Hoof Expander on Maud S. and other Horses with good results. It is an excellent instrument for expanding the hoof when properly applied.

ROBERT BONNER.

PIMPLES. I will mail (FREE) on receipt of a 2 cent stamp a receipt for a sample VEGETABLE

BALM FOR PIMPLES, PUPPLES, RITCHES, BLACK HEADS, ETC.

which will cure the soft, itchy cheek, and the bright glow will best its virtues speak.

Instructions or preliminary a luxurious gift on a half box of each face. Address

Wm. W. WILSON, New York.

**BLOOD BROTHERS**

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

DIARRHOEA, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELIS, SALT PIMPLES, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE,

OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from IMPURE BLOOD.

Wm. W. WILSON, Proprietors.

NEW YORK.

# BANKRUPT STOCK!

The Largest ever Offered in Brandon!

The Entire Stock of the Estate of

BOWER, BLACKBURN & PORTER,

Is now offered to the Public, at

# STRAIGHT BANKRUPT PRICES.

The various Lines consist of

Dry Goods  
Groceries,  
Boots and Shoes,  
Hats and Caps,  
Gents' Furnishings,  
Ready Made Clothing,  
Hardware,  
Croceryware,  
Glassware,  
Stationery,  
Tinware,  
Cordage,  
&c., &c.

The Public have been surfeited with *tall talk* as to the price at which goods can be bought in Brandon. We shall therefore do no "blowing," but beg respectfully to invite all intending purchasers, before spending money elsewhere, to call at the OLD STAND, Cor. 10th St. and Pacific Ave., and satisfy themselves that no other House can compete with us in Brandon or out of Brandon.

**S. H. BOWER,**  
Agent.

## T. T. ATKINSON

Going to Stay UNTIL JANUARY.

I leave for the East to-day, to make Fall purchases for the Fall and Winter Trade, and in the meantime will continue to Sell all

# SUMMER BOOTS & SHOES

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## JESS.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," etc.

Niel in the inn yard at Wakerstrom when you turned and saw me! I heard, and I do not forget. You know what happens to a 'land betrayer'!"

Hans' teeth positively chattered, and his face blanched with fear.

"What do you mean, nephew?" he asked.

"I—ah—I mean nothing. I was only speaking of warning of you as a friend. I have heard things said about you by—and he dropped his voice and whispered a name at the sound of which poor Hans turned whiter than ever.

"Well," went on his tormentor, "when he had sufficiently enjoyed his terror, 'what sort of terms did you make in Pretoria?'"

"Oh, good, nephew, good," he gabbled, delighted to get on a fresh subject. "I found the Englishmen supple as a tawny skin. They will give up their twelve prisoners for our four. The men are to be in by 10 to-morrow. I told their commandant about Laing's Nek and Inyanga, and he would not believe me. He thought I was a bigger fool than they are getting hungry there now. I saw a Hotentot I knew there, and he told me that their bones were beginning to show."

"They will be through the skin before long," muttered Frank. "Well, here we are at the house. The general is there. He has just come up from Heidelberg, and you can make your report to him. Did you find out about the Englishman—Capt. Niel? Is it true that he is dead?"

"No, he is not dead. By the way, I met Om Croft's niece—the dark one. She is shut up there with the captain, and she begged me to try and get them a pass to go home. Of course I told her that it was nonsense, and that they must stop and starve with the others."

Muller, who had been listening to this last piece of information with intense interest, suddenly checked his horse and answered:

"Did you? Then you are a bigger fool than I thought you. Who gave you authority to decide whether they should have a pass or not?"

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE GREAT MAN.

Completely overcome by this last remark, Hans collapsed like a jelly fish out of water, and reflected in his worthless old heart that Frank Muller was indeed "a devil of a man." By this time they had reached the door of the little house and were dismounting, and in another minute Hans found himself in the presence of one of the leaders of the rebellion.

He was a short, ugly man of about 55, with a big nose, small eyes, straight hair and a stoop. The forehead, however, was good, and the whole face betrayed a keenness and ability for beyond the average. The great man was seated at a plain deal table, writing something with evident difficulty upon a dirty sheet of paper, and smoking a very large pipe.

"Sit, heeren, sit," he said when they entered, waving the stem of his pipe toward a deal bench. Accordingly they sat down without moving their hats, and, pulling out their pipes, proceeded to light them.

"How," said the name of God, do you spell 'excellency'?" asked the general, presently. "I have spelled it in four different ways, and each one looks worse than the last."

Frank Muller gave the required information. Hans in his heart thought he spelled it wrong, but he did not dare say so. Then came another pause, only interrupted by the slow scratching of a quill across the dirty paper, during which Hans nearly went to sleep; for the weather was very hot, and he was tired with his ride.

"There," said the writer, presently, gazing at his handwriting with an almost childish air of satisfaction, "that is done. A curse on the man who invented writing! Our faith is not very well without it; why should we not? Though, to be sure, it is useful for treaties with the Kaffirs. I don't believe you have told me right now about that 'Korbeny,' nephew—well, it will have to serve. When a man writes such a letter as that to the representative of the English queen he needn't mind his spelling; it will be swallowed with the rest," and he leaned back in his chair and laughed softly.

"Well, Meinheer Coetzee, what is it? Ah, I know; the prisoners. Well, what did you do?"

Hans told his story, and was rambling on when the general cut him short.

"So cousin, so! You talk like an ox wagon—rattle and creak and jolt, a devil of a noise and turning of wheels, but very little progress. They will give up the twelve men for our four, will they? Well, that is about a fair proportion. No, it is not, though, four Boers are better than twelve Englishmen any day—nay, better than forty!" and he laughed again.

"Well, the men shall be sent in as you arranged; they will help to eat up their last biscuits. Good day, cousin. Stop, though; one word before you go. I have heard it said that you cannot be trusted. Now, I don't know if that is so. I don't believe it myself. Only, listen; if it should be so, and I should find you out, by God! I will have you cut into rings with after six snuffboxes, and then shoot you and send in your carcass as a present to the English, and as he said it he leaned forward and brought down his fist upon the deal table with a bang that produced a most unpleasant effect upon poor Hans' nerves, and a cold gleam of sudden ferocity flickered in the small eyes, very disconcerting for a third man to behold, however innocent he knew himself to be.

"I swear"—he began to baffle.

"Swear not at all, cousin; you are an elder of the church. There is no need to, besides, I told you I did not believe it of you; only I have had one or two cases of this sort of thing lately. No, never mind who they were. You will not meet them about again. Good day, cousin, good day. Forget not to thank the Almighty God for our glorious victory. He will expect it from an elder of the church."

Poor Hans departed crestfallen, feeling that the days of him who tries, however skillfully and impartially, to sit upon two stools at once are not long days, and sometimes threaten to be short ones. And supposing that the Englishmen should win after all—as in his heart he hoped they might—how should he then prove that he had hoped it? The general watched him waddle through the door under his bent brows, a half humorous, half menacing expression on his face.

"A windbag; a coward; a man without a heart for good or for evil. Bah! nephew, that is Hans Coetzee. I have known him for years. Well, let him go. He would sell us if he could, but I have frightened him now, and what is more, if I see reason, he shall find I never bark unless I mean to bite. Well, enough of him. Let me see, have I thanked you yet for your share in Majuba? Ah! that was a glorious victory! How many were there of you when you started up the mountain?"

"Eighty men."

"And how many at the end?"

"One hundred and seventy—perhaps a few more."

"And how many of you were hit?"

"Three—one killed, two wounded, and a few scratched."

"Wonderful, wonderful! It was a brave deed, and because it was so brave it was successful. He must have been mad, that English general. Who shot him?"

"Breytenbach. Colley held up a white handkerchief in his hand, and Breytenbach fired, and down went the general all of a heap, and then they all ran helter skelter down the hill. Yes, it was a wonderful thing! They could have beat us back with their left hand. That is what comes of having a right-cousin, uncle."

The general smiled grimly. "That is what comes of having men who can shoot, and who understand the country, and are not afraid. Well, it is done, and well done. The stars in their courses have fought for us, Frank Muller, and so far we have conquered. But how is it to end? You are no fool; tell me, how will it end?"

Frank Muller rose and walked twice up and down the room before he answered. "Shall I tell you?" he asked, and then, without waiting for an answer, he said: "It will end in our getting the country back. That is what this armistice means. There are thousands of redoubts there at the Nek; they cannot therefore be waiting for soldiers. They are waiting for an opportunity to yield, uncle. We shall get the country back, and you will be president of the republic."

The old man took a pull at his pipe. "You have a long head, Frank, and it has not run away with you. The English government is going to give in. The stars in their courses continue to fight for us. The English government is as mad as its officers. They will give in. But it means more than that, Frank; I will tell you what it means. It means—that again he let his heavy hand fall upon the deal table—"the triumph of the Boer through-out South Africa. Bah! Boers were not such a fool after all when he talked of his great Dutch republic. I have been twice to England, Trav, and I know the Englishmen. I could measure him for his volleys (shots). He knows nothing—nothing. He understands his shop, he is buried in his shop, and can think of nothing else. Sometimes he goes away and starts his shop in other places, and buries himself in it, and makes it a big shop, because he understands shops. But it is all a question of shops, and if the shops abroad interfere with the shops at home, or if it is thought that they do, which comes to the same thing, then the shops at home put an end to the shops abroad. Bah! they take a great deal of time in England, but, at the bottom of it, it is shop, shop, shop. They talk of honor, and patriotism too, but they both give way to the shop. And I tell you this, Frank Muller: it is the shop that has made the English, and it is the shop that will destroy them. Well, so be it. We shall have our share; Africa for the Africans. The Transvaal for the Transvaalers first, then the rest. Shepstone was a clever man; he would have made it all into an English shop, with the black men for shop boys. We have changed all that, but we ought to be grateful to Shepstone. The English have paid our debts, they have eaten up the Zulus, who would otherwise have destroyed us, and they have let us beat them, and now we are going to have our turn again, and, as you say, I shall be the first president."

"Yes, uncle," replied the younger man, calmly, "and I shall be the second."

The great man looked at him. "You are a bold man," he said; "but boldness makes the man and the country. I dare say you will. You have the head; and one clear head can turn many fools, as the rubber does the ship, and guide them when they are turned. I dare say that you will be president one day."

"Yes, I shall be president, and when I am I will drive the Englishmen out of South Africa. This I will do with the help of the Natal Zulus. Then I will destroy the natives, as 'T'Chaka destroyed, keeping only enough for slaves. That is my plan, uncle; it is a good one."

"It is a big one; I am not certain that it is a good one. But, good or bad, who shall say? You may carry it out, nephew, if you live, a man with brains and wealth may carry out anything if he lives. But there is a God. I believe, Frank Muller, that there is a God, and I believe that God sets a limit to a man's doings. If he is going too far, God kills him. If you live, Frank Muller, you will do these things, but perhaps God will kill you. Who can say? You will do what God wills, not what you will."

The elder man was speaking seriously now. Muller felt that this was none of the winning cut people in authority among the Boers; but it is desirable to admit it. It was, he thought, and it chilled Muller in spite of his pretended skepticism, as the sincere belief of an intellectual man, however opposite to our own, is apt to chill us into doubt of ourselves and our opinions. For a moment his slumbering superstition awoke, and he felt half afraid. Between him and that bright future of blood and power lay a chill gulf. Suppose that gulf should be death, and the future nothing but a dream—or worse! His face felt as the flux occurred to him, and the general noticed it.

"Well," he went on, "the who lives will see. Meanwhile you have done good service to the state, and you shall have your reward, cousin. I am president"—he laid emphasis on this, the meaning of which his listener did not miss—"by the support of my followers I become president, I will not forget you. And now I must upbraid and get back. I want to be at Laing's Nek in sixty hours, to wait for Gen. Wood's answer. You will see about the sending in of those prisoners. And he knocked out his pipe and rose.

"By the way, Meinheer," said Muller, suddenly adopting a tone of respect, "I have a favor to ask."

"What is it, nephew?"

"I want a pass for two friends of mine—English people—in Pretoria to go down to their relations in Wakerstrom district. They sent a message to me by Hans Coetzee."

"I don't like giving passes," answered the general with some irritation. "You know what it means, letting out messengers. I wonder you ask me."

"It is a small favor, Meinheer, and I do not think that it will much matter. Pretoria and here are separated much longer. I am

under an obligation to the people."

"Well, well, as you like; but, if any harm comes of it, you will be held responsible. Write the pass; I will sign it."

Frank Muller sat down and wrote and dated the paper. Its contents were simple: "Pass the bearers unharmed."

"That is big enough to drive a wagon along," said the general, when it was handed to him to sign. "It might mean all Pretoria."

"I am not certain if there are two or three of them," answered Muller, carelessly.

"Well, well, you are responsible. Give me the pass; and he scribbled his big, coarse signature at the foot.

"I propose, with your permission, to escort the cart down with two other men. As you are aware, I go down to take over the command of the Wakerstrom district to-morrow."

"Very good. It is your affair. You are responsible. I shall ask no questions, pro-nam knows how to bait his lines with her. Yes, I shall marry her. Bah! that is the way to win a woman—by capture; and, what is more, they like it. It makes her worth winning, too. It will be a courtship of blood. Well, the kisses will be the sweeter, and in the end she will love me the more for what I have dared for her. So, Frank Muller, so! Ten years ago you sold to yourself; there are three things worth having in the world: first wealth; second, women; if they take your fancy, or, better still, one woman if you desire her above all others; third, power. Now, you have got the wealth, for one way and another you are the richest man in the Transvaal. In a week's time you will have the woman you love, and who is sweeter to you than all the world besides. In five years' time you will have the power—absolute power. That old man is clever; he will be as rich as I am, and I am cleverer. I shall soon take his seat, thus—and he rose and seated himself in the general's chair—and he will go down a step and take mine. Ay, and then I will reign. My tongue shall be honey and my hand iron. I will pass over the land like a storm. I will drive the English out with the help of the Kaffirs, and then I will kill the Kaffirs and take their land. Ah!"—and his eyes flashed and his nostrils dilated as he said it to himself—then he will be worth living! What a thing is power! What a thing it is to be able to destroy! Take that Englishman, my rival; to-day he is well and strong; in three days he will be gone utterly, and I—I shall have sent him away. That is power. But when the time comes that I have only to stretch out my hand to send thousands after him—that will be absolute power; and then with Bessie I shall be happy."

And so he dreamed on for an hour or more, till at last the fumes of his untutored imagination actually drowned his reason in spiritual intoxication. Picture after picture rose and unrolled itself before his mind's eye. He saw himself as president addressing the Volksraad and compelling it to his will. He saw himself, the supreme general of a great host, defeating the forces of England with awful carnage and driving them before him; ay, he even selected the battle ground on the slopes of the Biggarsberg in Natal. Then he saw himself again sweeping the natives out of South Africa with the unrelenting besom of his might and ruling unquestioned over a submissive people. And, last of all, he saw something glittering at his feet—it was a crown!

This was the climax of his intoxication. Then there came an anticlimax. The rich imagination which had been leading him on, as a guide, suddenly dropped to earth, and then rose up in his mind the memory of the general's words: "God sets a limit to a man's doings. If he is going too far God kills him."

The butterfly had settled on a coffin!

## CHAPTER XXI.

## JESS GETS A PASS.

About 10.30 on the morning following her interview with Hans Coetzee, Jess was at "The Palatial" as usual, and John was just finishing packing the cart with such few goods as they possessed. There was not much chance of its being of any material use, for he did not in the slightest degree expect that they would get the pass; but, as he cheerfully said, it was as good an amusement as any other.

"I say, Jess," he sang out presently, "come here."

"What for?" answered Jess, who was seated on the doorstep mending something, and looking at her favorite view.

"Because I want to speak to you."

She got up and went, feeling rather angry with herself for going.

"Well," she said, tartly, "here I am. What is it?"

"I have finished packing the cart, that's all."

"And you mean to tell me that you have brought me round here to say that?"

"Yes, of course I have; exercise is good for the young." And then he laughed, and she laughed too.

It was all nothing—nothing at all—but somehow it was very delightful. Certainly mutual affection, even when unexpressed, has a way of making things go happily, and can find something to laugh at anywhere.

Just then, who should come up but Mrs. Neville, in a great state of excitement, and, as usual, fanning herself with her hat.

"What do you think, Capt. Niel? The prisoners have come in, and I heard one of the Boers in charge say that he had a pass signed by the Boer general for some English people, and that he was coming over to see us to-morrow. Who can it be?"

"It is us," said Jess, quickly. "We are going home."

I saw Hans Coetzee yesterday, and begged him to try and get us a pass, and I suppose he has."

"My word! going to get out? Well, you are lucky! Let me sit down and write a letter to my great uncle at the Cape. You must post it when you can. He is 94 and rather stiff, but I dare say he will like to hear from me, and she bundled off into the house to give her aged relative (who, by the way, labored under the impression that she was still a little girl of 4 years of age) as minute an account of the siege of Pretoria as time would allow.

"Well, John, you had better tell Mouti to put the horses in. We shall have to start presently," said Jess.

"Ay," he said, pulling his beard thoughtfully. "I suppose that we shall," adding, by way of an afterthought: "Are you glad to go?"

"No," she said with a sudden flash of passion and a stamp of the foot, and then turned and entered the house again.

"Mouti," said John to the Zulu, who was lounging around in a sullen, sardonic way, "that intelligent but unimpassioned race, 'in-sane' the horses. We are going back to Mooifontein."

"Kosa," said the Zulu, who was generally under an obligation to the people.

and started on the errand as though it were the most every day occurrence to drive off home out of a closely beleaguered town. That is another beauty of the Zulu race; you cannot astonish them. They, no doubt, consider that that, to them, extraordinary mixture of wisdom and insanity, the white man, is, as the agnostic Zulu critic said in despair of the prophet Zerebubai, "vampyrie de tout."

John stood and watched the inspanning absently. The fact was that he, too, was conscious of a sensation of regret. He felt ashamed of himself for it, but there it was; he was sorry to leave the place. For the last week or so he had been living in a dream, and everything outside that dream was blurred and indistinct as a landscape in a fog. He knew the things were there, but he did not quite appreciate their relative size and position. The only real thing was his dream; and all else was vague as those far off people and events that we lose in infancy and find again in old age.

And now there would be an end of dreaming; the fog would lift, and he must face the facts. Jess, with whom he had dreamed, would go away to Europe and he would marry Bessie, and all this Pretoria business would glide away into the past like a watch in the night. Well, it must be so; it was right and proper that it should be so, and he for one was not going to flinch from his duty; but he would have been more than human had he not felt the pang of awakening. It was all so very unfortunate.

By this time Mouti had got the horses up, and asked if he was to inspan.

"No! wait a bit," said John. "Very likely it is all right," he added to himself.

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when he caught sight of two armed Boers of a peculiarly unpleasant type and rough appearance, walking across the road toward "The Palatial" gate, escorted by four car-borne. At the gate they stopped, and one of them dismounted and came up to where he was standing by the stable door.

"Capt. Niel?" he said interrogatively in English.

"That is my name."

"Then here is a letter for you," and he handed him a folded paper.

John opened it—it had no envelope—and read the following:

"Sir—The bearer of this has with him a pass, which is understood that you desire, giving you and Miss Jess Crofta safe conduct to Mooifontein, in the Wakerstrom district of the republic. The only condition attached to the pass, which is signed by one of the honorable triumvirate, is that you must carry no dispatches out of Pretoria. Upon your giving your word of honor to the bearer that you will not do this he will hand you the pass."

This letter, which was fairly written and in good English, had no signature.

"Who wrote this?" asked John of the Boer.

"That is no affair of yours," was the curt reply. "Will you pass your word about the dispatches?"

"Yes."

"Good. Here is the pass, and he handed over that document to John. It was in the same handwriting as the letter, but signed by the Boer general.

John examined it and then called to Jess to come and translate it. She was on her way round the corner of the house as he did so, having heard the voice of the Boer.

"It means, 'Pass the bearers unharmed,'" she said, and the signature is correct. I have seen the general's signature before."

"When must we start?" asked John.

"At once, or not at all."

"I must drive round by the headquarter camp to explain about my going. They will think that I have run away."

To this the Boer demurred, but finally, after going to the gate to consult his companion, consented, and the two rode back to the headquarter camp, saying that they would wait for the cart there, whereupon the horses were inspanned.

In five minutes everything was ready, and the cart was standing in the roadway in front of the little gate. After he had looked to all the straps and buckles and seen that everything was properly packed, John went to call Jess. He found her standing by the doorsteps, looking out at her favorite view. Her hand was placed sideways against her forehead, as though to shade her eyes from the sun. But where she was standing there was no sun, and John could not help guessing why she was shading her eyes. She was crying at leaving the place in that quiet, harrowing sort of way that some women have; that is to say, a few big tears were rolling down her face. John felt a lump rise in his own throat at the sight, and very naturally relieved his feelings in rough language.

"What the deuce are you after?" he asked.

"Are you going to keep the horses standing all day?"

Jess did not resent this. The probability is that she guessed its reason. And besides, it is a melancholy fact that women rather like being soothed in that otherwise, provided that the soother is the man they are attached to. But he must only swear on state occasions.

At this moment, too, Mrs. Neville came plunging out of the house, licking an envelope as she ran.

"The deuce!" she said. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting. I haven't told the old gentleman half the news; in fact, I've only taken him down to the time when the communications were cut, and I dare say he has seen all that in the papers. But he won't understand anything about it, and if he does he will guess the rest; besides, for all I know, he may be dead and buried by now. I shall have to owe you for the stamp. I think it's threepence. I'll pay you when we meet again—that is, if we ever do meet again. I'm beginning to think that this siege will go on for all eternity. There, good by, my dear! God bless you! When you get out of it, mind you write to The Times, in London, you know. There, don't cry. I am sure I should not cry if I were going to get out of this place! For at this point Jess took the opportunity of Mrs. Neville's fervent embrace to burst out into a sob or two.

In another minute they were in the cart, and Mouti was scrambling up behind.

"Don't cry, old girl," said John, laying his hand upon her shoulder. "What can't be cured must be endured."

"Yes, John," she answered, and dried her tears.

At the headquarter camp John went in and explained the circumstances of his departure. At first the officer who was temporarily in command—the commandant having been wounded at the same time that John was—rather demurred to his going, especially when he learned that he had passed his word not to carry dispatches. Presently, however, he thought better of it, and said he supposed that it was all right, as he could not see that their going could do the garrison any harm; rather the reverse, in fact, because you can tell the people how we are getting on in this



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